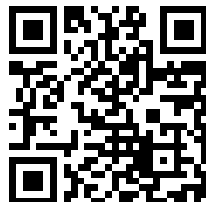


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In memory of Zuingli

*IN MEMORIAM*



ZUINGLIUS GROVER

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ZUINGLIUS GROVER

**January 17, 1811**

**December 8, 1891**

THE BLESSING OF THE LORD, IT MAKETH RICH, AND HE ADDETH  
NO SORROW WITH IT"—*Prov. 10:22*







*F. Grover,*





IN MEMORY  
OF  
ZUINGLIUS GROVER

OUR BELOVED PRINCIPAL

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ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF DEARBORN SEMINARY

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CHICAGO  
PUBLISHED BY THE COMMITTEE  
1898



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## MEMOIR.

**I**T was my privilege to have had ten years acquaintance with Mr. Grover. In some measure he had charge of the teaching and training of members of my family, and of many of my young people, so that I fully share in those tender feelings with which the pupils of Dearborn Seminary remember the courtly instructor and friend, who for nearly eighty years walked the ways of earth, a serene and blessed presence always.

A son of Massachusetts, a pupil of Phillips Academy, Andover, his College years were spent at Dartmouth and Brown. But the memorable work of his life has

been his connection with Dearborn Seminary, in our city, with which for nearly thirty-five years he has been closely identified. Though not the founder, he was for all this time the Principal of this well-known and important school wherein thousands of the young women of this city have been taught. His service to this community has been so quiet as to make no noise in our journals. It has been the sunshine, however, touching with beautiful and fruitful radiance the intellectual and moral life of the daughters in our households.

He was a benefactor in those higher realms of good thoughts and good purposes wherein the greatest have had their greatness. Though we may not say with Aristotle that "those who educate children well are more to be honored than even their parents, for these only give them life, but those the art of living well," still, the good

teacher, the school-master who is a good man, had never higher honor than now. It is widely known how tenderly the pupils of Dearborn Seminary revere his name and will love the memory of it. The devotion of the earlier students is not lessened when they have seen their children and sometimes, I believe, their children's children, brought under the teaching of this gentle Elisha, who, like him of old, seemed the beneficent, holy man of God who passeth by us continually.

It was a blessing to this community and to all of us to have had with us one who bore so simply and worthily "the grand old name of gentleman," one, who justified the description of the New England philosopher, "Whoever is open, loyal, true; of humane and affable demeanor; honorable himself and in his judgment of others; faithful to his word as to law, and faithful alike to God



and man, is a true gentleman." If true gentility be the flower of our civilization, one of its fairest blossoms withered before the eyes of his pupils, to be renewed, however in immortal loveliness.

In his later years Mr. Grover walked among us with a sweet stateliness which always commanded our affectionate respect, and he was truly honored to the last by those who have taken the work which formerly was his. It is not often that we see a life which has become so dear to children, parents and grand-parents that the tears of all tell of a love which is in all hearts as they mourn the death of a friend and benefactor.

Mr. Grover was a Christian gentleman. Coleridge thought that religion in the heart was of itself sufficient to "gentilize the soul." The Church where he worshiped will miss his presence and his prayers, and

the school where he was so long the presiding genius, will sorrow with even a deeper affection. The pupils who sang Newman's noble hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," a few mornings before his death, not knowing, but perhaps fearing, that it would be the last Christian song their teacher would ever hear on earth, will have a gracious and tender memory, and, when the diplomas of the next graduating class are given them by other hands than his, they will not forget the kindly and gracious presence of one who has already received his diploma from the Divine teacher, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

If some friend expressed to Mr. Grover in his youth the prayer and hope uttered in Milton's words: "So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop into thy mother's lap, or be with ease gathered, not harshly

plucked, for death mature," that hope and prayer have been fulfilled. An old age, "Serene and bright, and lovely as a Lapland night" has led him to his grave. "The good gray head which all men knew" is to be only a memory henceforth, but a memory that shall make us better and more willing to walk in the paths of quiet usefulness, to seek after pleasures that have no satiety and conceal no sting, and to do faithfully the work of life in the truthful assurance that Christ, the Lord and Teacher, will welcome us at last to a world where we may behold "the bright countenance of Truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies," and rejoice forever in Him who hath redeemed us, "amid the solemn troops and sweet societies" of the blest and the glorified.

REV. JOHN HENRY BARROWS, D. D.

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE  
HELD AT  
DEARBORN SEMINARY,  
JANUARY 17, 1892,  
THE ANNIVERSARY OF MR. GROVER'S BIRTHDAY  
THE DAY OF THE ANNUAL RE-UNION OF THE ALUMNAE  
ASSOCIATION.



## COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES.

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### PRAYER.

THE REV. ROBERT W. PATTERSON, D. D.

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### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

MRS. CLARENCE I. PECK, PRESIDENT OF ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION,  
DEARBORN SEMINARY, FOR THE YEAR 1891-92.

A LIFE of four score years, full of usefulness, with no blemish on the character, and no act to tarnish the reputation, is the record of but few among thousands and an inheritance above the riches of money. Such was the life of Prof. Zuinglius Grover, to do honor to whose memory we have met to-day. For many years it has been the custom of our Alumnae Association to meet on his natal anniversary—the 17th of January—to tender to him our

hearty congratulations, to celebrate in glad reunion his presence with us still, and to recall memories of our school days. His guidance and companionship to us as pupils and in the years following, we have always looked to and felt happy in having. Now, for the first time, we come together upon this day and he is not with us.

Prof. Grover lived for others and gave but little care to self. He thought not of accumulating riches nor achieving fame. With the talents entrusted to him by his Heavenly Master he gained many more talents to the profit of others. Full of years, with the love and respect of the many who knew him, he has passed into the immortal life.

The Alumnae Association of Dearborn Seminary was organized—on no exclusive plan—but with open doors that all coming graduates might enter; and also as

a nucleus around which might gather all who have attended, or who have a warm place in their hearts for our old school home. It is its purpose to perpetuate the pleasant memories of our youthful associations and to maintain an interest in the welfare of the Seminary and those so faithfully connected with it; and, as our Association has been most enjoyable and useful in the past, now more than ever should we keep up its life and the interest in its meetings.

Out of love and respect to the memory of our revered Preceptor, as well as from affection to our Alma Mater, should every recurring anniversary of his birth be a day for our meeting together in the years to come.

As a fitting part of these exercises, there should, I think, be read the memorial expressions adopted at a meeting of our Association which was called immediately after Prof. Grover's death.



## MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

READ BY MRS. TAPPEN HALSEY.

WE who have assembled together so often in school-girl days and frequently since in revival of their pleasant memories, now meet and mourn together the loss of him, who has always been the one central figure at our every gathering — our instructor and our companion.

Professor Zuinglius Grover was the respected friend of everyone.

He was true to his trusts and conscientious in his duties; just, but always generous; of kindly manner; ever faithful to his life's mission; a simple and a noble nature.

We have profited directly by his teach-

ings, but far beyond our circle are felt the result of his labors and the influence of his example.

His life was one of usefulness to others. His work on earth was well done. It is finished, and he has gone to his reward.

To his family and to those who have been associated with him, we tender our deepest sympathy.

*Resolved*, that in testimony of our regard and as a tribute to his worth, this expression of our feelings be spread upon the records of our Association and a copy of them be sent to his family.

---

## MUSIC.

*Nearer my God to Thee.*

### QUARTETTE:

MRS. J. A. FARWELL,	MRS. J. F. THACKER,
MRS. B. BREMNER,	MISS HELEN ROOT.

ADDRESS BY PROF. FRANKLIN W. FISK,

PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

*Ladies, Alumnae of Dearborn Seminary, and  
Friends:*

I N complying with your request, that I give some recollections of our late beloved and lamented friend, Professor Grover, as I knew him when we were students together at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, I regret that I can recall little more than the general impression he made upon me at that time. Although we were members of the same school for a year or more, and frequently met, yet as he was in one of the upper classes in the classical department, and I, in one of the lower classes in the English course, and also as he was a

somewhat mature young man — midway between twenty and thirty years of age — and I, in my teens, it was but natural that we did not become intimately acquainted with each other. But I distinctly remember the impression made upon me by Mr. Grover when I first saw him at the Academy, and which was deepened as I came to know him better.

He was a fine looking young man, well-proportioned, tall and graceful, and straight as an arrow, with a mild and expressive countenance, and the general bearing of one who has a purpose in life. He towered among us, the boys of the Academy, as Saul among the people, higher than any of us — “from his shoulders and upward,” and seemed to have somewhat of the “divinity” that “doth hedge a king.” There was about him a repose of manner

which showed that he held himself well under control.

He was a manly young man, not only in physical excellence, but also in those qualities that constitute true manliness. Courageous and frank in expressing his convictions, he was "gentle and easy to be entreated." He was upright in word and deed, persistently industrious in his studies, and stood well as a scholar. In a word, he had then, as I remember him, those characteristics and qualities of person, mind and heart, which, when developed in his mature manhood, as we have known him in these later years, have called forth our respect, admiration, and love.

After a year's acquaintance at Andover, we parted, Mr. Grover going to Dartmouth College and thence to Brown University, where he was graduated in 1842, and I, some years after to Yale.

Our acquaintance was not renewed till my residence in Chicago in the year 1859, when it was a pleasure to me to find my respected Academy friend at the head of Dearborn Seminary, already noted as the best institution for the education of young ladies, in this rapidly growing city. From that time on, we often met, and frequently talked of all the good way in which a wise and gracious Providence had led us. He seemed not only satisfied with the profession he had chosen, but in love with it. He was by nature a teacher, heartily enjoying his work, and taking a deep interest in his pupils. He appeared to care vastly more for their welfare, than for his own interests. He once told me that he could have made a good investment, had he some years before purchased the Seminary building on Wabash Avenue. But he added

with a quiet laugh, that it was doubtless best as it was.

And so to him the happy years went by, laden with the ripe fruits of his wise and faithful culture. If sorrow came, it served only to purify and refine a character already ennobled and elevated by a serene Christian faith. Thus he gracefully grew old among us, the centre of affectionate regard to those who had sat under his instruction, and held in highest respect and esteem by all who knew him, especially by the church of which he was for many years an honored and beloved elder. His lovely character seemed to take on more of beauty and grace as the years passed. He had a "sweet reasonableness" and gentleness of spirit that greatly attracted those who knew him best. His presence was a benediction. It was an inspiration to me, while occupying for some months the pulpit of the Second

Presbyterian Church, to look upon his serene and spiritual countenance as he sat in the front pew before me.

The blessings and prayers of hundreds of happy homes encircled, as a crown of glory, his "good gray head." He was indeed a happy man—happy in the consciousness of a life devoted to the best welfare of others, and in seeing his beloved pupils, whose lives he followed with greatest interest, adorning by graces of character and attainments, the various positions assigned them by Providence. But it became increasingly evident that "all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven," which he seemed rapidly approaching, till one day "he was not, for God took him." Dear man of God, how we all loved him! Such a life ennobles humanity, and makes heaven appear to us a reality.



## REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY MRS. TURLINGTON W. HARVEY.

**I**T is a privilege to bear testimony to the successful and noble work of my beloved principal.

Those who have only known Mr. Grover since the great fire, while rejoicing in him personally and highly esteeming the simple beauty and triumph of his character, may not realize the important factor he has been in the early development of Chicago, and the strength and influence of the institution he founded. Under him Dearborn Seminary became the educational centre of our entire city, for the young women attending private school, and the influence flowing out into the home-life of the community, under

that gentle, Godly direction so many years,  
who shall estimate?

The large, well-arranged edifice occupied by the school, was built for a Young Ladies' Seminary by a corporation, and was located on Wabash Avenue near the corner of Washington street, opposite the old Second Presbyterian Church, a location equally accessible to the North, South and West sides of the city. Mr. Grover was called from Providence, Rhode Island, and placed in charge. Later, the stock company dissolving, he purchased the school and became proprietor as well as principal. Here he built up an institution for learning, that even in the light of the present advance in methods of education, can scarcely be surpassed. Gifted with rare discernment, he surrounded himself with a corps of teachers, of unusual excellence. Many here to-day will recall Miss Stickney, who

had the classes in literature, elocution, and the calisthenic drill, and her delightfully contagious enthusiasm in opening to us the beauty of the thought world. Miss Patterson, so patiently presiding over the awe-inspiring science of mathematics. Miss Starr, in her sunny studio, surrounded by her casts, easels, shells, wild flowers, birds-nests, blocks and what-not, herself giving charm to all, and standing for the very embodiment of the idea of devotion to art. Miss Tinker, that consecrated Christian woman, having charge of the graduating class, the essay work and mental and moral philosophy, and who so held forth the philosophy of the Highest in simple practice as well as precept, that it must have been a shallow nature, indeed, that could go from her instruction without a high ideal. Miss Walbridge, who taught rhetoric and English literature, and had the classes in com-

position, and who was as painstaking and earnest in her efforts with us, as she has since been in the Foreign Mission Field. The Misses Bertha and Clara Heinrichs, with their sweet, pure German and genial enthusiasm. Madame Seibert and her vigorous method of teaching French. Miss Abbey Smith, who had the Latin classes, and oral English grammar, a teacher ever to be remembered, and who made these lessons charming. Miss Gunn, who had the intermediate room, and whose immaculate personality set up a standard of ladyhood most impressive. Mr. Sabin, the instructor in singing, now the Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction. The writing master, who came twice a week, Mr. Grover deeming good penmanship of such importance that it could only be entrusted to a specialist, and dear Mrs. Grover, to whom were given the little ones. I shall

never forget the day I entered the school and Mr. Grover took my sister and me by the hands and led us to the primary room, leaving us in charge of that beautiful woman. Her gracious presence won my heart at first sight, and even as a child, I seemed to feel by instinct, the warmth and culture of her genial nature. When not long after she passed from our sight, and her beloved companion was left alone, we all felt that the quiet strength with which he met his loss, came from the strong reality of that better world to him, and the hope that makes patient. All these dear people are living presences to me, standing for so much that is great and high, but ever dominated by the benign influence of the dear Principal who gathered and moulded all. I wish my knowledge extended to other years, as I am sure the direction that so ably manned the school

during my experience, did not fail in any period in procuring teachers equally worthy of love and esteem, and I wish some younger woman might take up the record where I must leave it. I suppose the reason I was asked to speak, was because Mr. Grover was in his prime during my school days, and because I never attended any other school. Mr. Grover did not confine himself to any particular class work, but was everywhere present, a real Superintendent. Scarcely a recitation passed without a word of encouragement or explanation from him. One duty, however, he always claimed, and that was the opening of the school with prayer and song, and the reading of the Word. Although this was so simply and unostentatiously done, we always felt that this was the chief lesson, the interest that could not be dele-

gated, and that was loved and guarded above all others.

Mr. Grover's policy for the school was as generous as his aims were high. We had a well equipped gymnasium, occupying the entire fifth story of the building. A large hall on the fourth floor, with a piano in it, where, in appropriate Bloomer costume, we had the Dio Lewis Calisthenic drill with wooden dumb bells, wands and rings. This was also used as the recreation hall, and daily during the long recess was a scene of merriment that is pleasant to recall. All the advantages Mr. Grover could then obtain, in the way of lectures he procured for us, and we had an excellent outfit in scientific apparatus. We had also a literary society, The Philocalian, which gathered the talent from all the collegiate classes and was an important element in the school life. The gravity and decorum

of its deliberations summon a smile, and the brilliancy and success of its entertainments are still recalled with a glow of pride. Among the pleasantest pictures in my memory are some of these Philocalian evenings. The recess hall would be crowded to overflowing—halls, stairway, aisles, window seats, and even platform had to be utilized to seat our loyal audience. The girls were all attired in their prettiest evening dresses, and distributed in groups, according to their duties, the younger ones acting as ushers. Flowers filled the room and the scene was very bright. I do not know how it would seem to me now, but then I was greatly impressed with the ability of many of the girls. In music and in recitation, as well as in their contributions to the paper, I had the highest estimate of our members' gifts, and perhaps I was not altogether partial, as in mature



circles a number of our "shining lights" still hold distinguished places.

The attendance of the school was over two hundred, and we had twelve or fourteen regular teachers. The largest salaries were paid for the best talent and in return the highest prices were received for the best advantages. I have wished to tell all this, to show the prosperity of the school, and because the new generation have not known Mr. Grover so well as the active, ideal Principal, as they have as the almost ideal man. We all realize that the love of money had no place in Mr. Grover's heart, and yet I think, so far as his financial responsibilities extended, he was an excellent manager. With his integrity and the simplicity of his tastes he would never have known the financial embarrassment of his last years, but for the great calamity that swept over our city, crippling or des-

troying even our commercial leaders. The Great Fire, however, could not burn up his work. Eternity alone will show its extent and quality. I love to think of the honor Mr. Grover must have in that land where true merit meets its full appreciation.

Very serious have been our reflections as we view his finished course. Much weighing of real values and self-questioning in many hearts. As the memory of that gentle guide rises before us, never swerving to the right or left, but walking simply in the path marked out by Him he honored, Mr. Grover will still continue to be our teacher, ever pointing as of old to the interests in life worth striving for.

We are glad still to gather in Dearborn Seminary, to honor Mr. Grover's memory. We are glad to offer to Mrs. Purington, who has taken up his work, our allegiance,

and grateful to her for her tender care of Mr. Grover in his declining years, and her rescue of the school in its time of greatest need. May the dear old Alma Mater never die. May her foundations, laid upon God's Word, nurtured by prayer and superintended so long by our dear Principal, continue in the hands of conscientious and competent instructors. May she send forth young women of intelligence and refinement, and may their characters shine with the same Light that glorified the quiet daily walk of our beloved Mr. Grover.

## MEMORIAL DISCOURSE

BY

REV. SIMON J. MCPHERSON, D.D., PROF. GROVER'S PASTOR.

READ BY MRS. WALTER L. PECK, ONE OF THE ALUMNAE.

[Illness in Dr. McPherson's family preventing him from being present.]

I COUNT the unobtrusive career of Zuinglius Grover a marked and lasting success; but his success discloses an unusual standard and emphasizes unusual elements of prosperity. He was not, according to the common estimate, a typical Chicago man. He was indeed the very opposite of the average man of the world. The only criticism of him that I ever heard was that he lacked worldly wisdom, or prudent selfishness, that he thought little of money, autocratic power, glittering reputation, or personal conspicu-

ousness of any sort. No doubt he did; and the common man finds it hard to understand the aim and motive and endeavors of such a character. His life proves, I think, not that due common sense is useless but that success of the highest and most permanent kind can be reached without wealth, fame, great learning or power, and that these things in themselves alone never do constitute real success. I believe that his work and influence will be vital and sweet when many of his now notable contemporaries are utterly forgotten.

Four factors chiefly determined his life, as they determine every other:

The first of them was his ancestry. Not only did he "select the right father and the right mother," but his education began two hundred years at least back of his cradle. About the year 1635, three

English brothers, of lowly rank but sterling quality, settled in Malden, Massachusetts. One of them was his paternal ancestor. There, or in Mansfield, of the same state, they and their descendants feared God, learned the American art of self-government and tilled the soil, like thousands of other sturdy Puritans to whom the whole land is indebted. His grandfather, or perhaps his great uncle, was a captain in the War of Independence. Patriotism was his inalienable birth-right, and his nationality could never be called in question. Thus it was that clean, fresh, uncontaminated blood was the primary and rich gift which Providence bestowed upon him—a most propitious gift for the individual or the race.

The second factor in his worldly life was a good education. The decisive part of it, undoubtedly, was domestic, and was

received in the plastic years of infancy and childhood from his father and mother, his sister and three brothers. Happy is the boy who has a good home and who is not an only child. Then followed the Yankee school-house, whose mingled study and play alternated at first with work on the farm, which was afterwards replaced by teaching. This alternation, so common with aspiring poor boys and so helpful in many ways, continued in his case into the period of college life. It taught what personal independence and self-help mean, and it rendered his fibre tough and strong for a long life. He acquired his first Latin unaided except by the evening candle. For he was set upon going to college. How is that native ambition to be explained? Partly by the inherited taste for knowledge, training and usefulness, but largely by his New England surroundings. Two

things have enabled that region to make so deep an impress upon the nation: The genius for hard work which an unfriendly soil and climate have developed, and the prevailing fashion of getting a good education which religion and many adjacent colleges have fostered.

He decided first to go to Yale, but an attack of fever prevented. Afterwards he was induced to enter Dartmouth, where he remained one year; whence he went, after an interval spent in teaching, to Brown University, where he graduated in 1842, with Professor Harkness among his classmates. Congregationalist as he was, this noble Baptist institution in the land of Roger Williams was of immense help to him, because Dr. Wayland, then probably the greatest educator in America, was president. He verified Emerson's dictum: "It



is little matter what you learn; the question is, with whom you learn."

A third great factor in his life was religion. He was brought up in a Christian atmosphere, and quite early he became a personal disciple of the Great Teacher and Savior. Throughout his life he was identified with the Church of Christ, as a trustful, obedient, faithful and broad-minded member or officer of it. There was nothing either insincere or intolerant about his profession of faith. His religious life opened into blossom and ripened into juicy fruit as naturally and healthfully as a bud on the vine. He lived by faith, he taught with love, and he died in hope. Faith, love and hope made the three-fold chord of his fine character.

The remaining factor in his success appeared in his choice of a career. The whole life-work of the man was given to teaching.

It was not a mere makeshift, but his total business. Whether it was at first selected freely, I do not know. The necessity of being self-supporting while he was getting an education, and the comparatively late period at which he in consequence graduated—nearly thirty years of age—may have had their influence as leadings of God. But, at any rate, it was either chosen or accepted as enough and satisfying.

Let us honor his choice. No other could be more exalted. No other could make a man more useful. Few of us even yet appreciate how great and helpful a calling it is. While it may necessitate a quiet life, it leaves its monument in the fairest and finest material on earth—the human soul—and it lives on vicariously in those whom it turns to intelligence and righteousness. Its influence can never die, incarnate as it becomes in others, unless all

human influence can stop and life itself can cease. It can never lose its reward, so long as grateful, transformed hearts may utter their benedictions in heaven. It is the fellowship of the Divine Prophet, begun on earth, and to be continued throughout eternity. Thank God for our own teachers, and for the teachers of our children! Thank God for Zuinglius Grover!

It is a pleasant task to consider some of the results which these data produced in our dear old friend.

First of all, it eventuated in a very noble type of personal character, the finest product that this fruitful earth can show, the highest goal that man can reach, and the best return that can be made for the bestowments of heaven. The best of all his characteristics was his essential unselfishness. He seemed always to think of himself last. Even the virtues that he had

must be sought out; he felt no impulse to thrust them forward into view. Consequently, he was best loved and most highly esteemed by those who were nearest to him. His friends, his pupils, his son, found him blameless, if not faultless. That is only saying that he was a thoroughly genuine and disinterested man. He had principles and deep convictions, and he was true to them. But in matters at least of mere opinion, he was never intrusive or dogmatic. Self-depreciating to an almost excessive degree, he was one of the least egotistic men that I have ever known. Gentle, quiet, appreciative in manner and tone, he constantly looked for and found out the good in others, without obtruding himself at all. He was so simple and even original in his deference and kindness, that he created a novel atmosphere. I venture to think that he taught the rest of us at least to regret

some of the lost arts of nobility and lowliness. This was all the more surprising, alluring, and stimulating in him, because he was a teacher. Stooping to immature minds never seduced him into the bad habit of patronage or condescension. Bigotry and hauteur were foreign to him, as they have not been to every other teacher. He seemed a father to all children, and a brother to all men and women. This was largely due to his delicate sensibilities, and to his native fineness of fibre. Nothing could make him vulgar. He instinctively felt the rights of everybody. With a woman's refinement of feeling, and a man's strength of moral conviction, he was a well-nigh ideal leader of a young ladies' school. Always agreeable in society, he yet shrunk from it after he had been left alone. In the church, the session, the school, the home, it was his character itself which made the

deepest impression. Whatever in his meekness of heart he missed doing, whatever ruggedness you might wish to see him display, you could not doubt that he was sound and pure and true to the core, a son of God without reproach. He had also great warmth of affection. I have seen his eye kindle at one kind word. He could never forget his friends. While he would not talk much of it, he valued beyond expression the remarkable fidelity and good will of his pupils, old and young. He knew them better than many of them suspected, and he never tired, as I can testify, in speaking of them. Like a white star, his influence will shine long in many womanly lives.

We cannot, then, forget his pre-eminent usefulness. In Nashua, Attleboro' and Providence, and for nearly thirty years in Chicago, for over half a century in all,

he was a teacher! It was not simply mathematics and astronomy, mental and moral philosophy, that he taught, but the mathematics of life and the philosophy of character. His great legacy to the world is to be found in the qualities of his disciples. Here in Chicago he graduated about three hundred and thirty, besides a far larger number that he taught for briefer periods. About half of these alumnae are known to be married, and to be realizing his theories of life within homes of their own. Over half of them are exercising a leavening influence as residents of this city, and the others are scattered throughout the world, carrying abroad as missionaries the good news that he taught them. Through them he, being dead, yet speaketh. Some thirty of them were called away from earth before him. One can imagine how those, to whom he had shown the

way, have welcomed him into the presence of their common Father above.

The end of the matter is that his endowments, his training, his character, and his usefulness, fitted him to enjoy a most serene and beautiful old age. Men do not necessarily become good, much less happy, simply because they grow old. Many seem even to break down after the strenuous stages are past. The quality of the latest years usually depends, like memory, upon the use of the earlier ones. But at nearly eighty years, Mr. Grover was a ripe, steadfast, cheerful man. Even the inevitable loneliness, which bereavements had brought, could not desolate his life, because he had resources within and above and before. He enjoyed nature richly, because he had a rich nature. He maintained his interest in decent current events. His heart remained young, so that he continued to be



a congenial companion for younger people, for his pastor, his colleagues in the session, his pupils, and, most of all, his son. His confidence in Christ was stronger than ever, and far more tranquil. He still brought forth fruit in old age. He relinquished his last class, I believe, only during this final year. I rejoice, therefore, that, as we should expect, his end was peace. His illness was comparatively free from pain. His death was euthanasia, a gentle opening of the gates into immortal and abundant life. Happy, enviable man! Life to be emulated. His memory is a legacy of blessing; his life was a psalm; his death not a knell, but a pæan; his influence a pure and cheering love-song in our remaining night.

S. J. McPHERSON.

## MUSIC.

*One Sweetly Solemn Thought.*

SOLO:

MRS. J. A. FARWELL,

A former pupil.

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REMARKS BY MRS. J. F. PURINGTON,

PRESENT PRINCIPAL OF DEARBORN SEMINARY.

MANY who are gathered here to-day have known Mr. Grover longer than I, and it is only by virtue of that closer intimacy which grows out of family ties, that I am entitled to speak to you of his daily life.

You all know that it was a simple one, and beautiful in its simplicity; and it was, in the best sense of the good Saxon word, a homely life. No man ever lived, who was more eminently fitted by nature to enjoy a

fireside of his own, and all the sacred relations of the family, than was Mr. Grover. He was so tender in his affections, so gentle in his discipline, so dependent upon the kind offices of those who loved him, for his dearest pleasures, that to a heart less full of patience and trust than his, it might have seemed a sinister fate, which shut him out from the life he was so well fitted to adorn. But no such bitter thought marred his perfect trust in God's goodness to him. In every exigency of his life, even its bereavements, he read some beneficent design. He counted the love of this large association, a love, which, in its constancy, and its generous expression, has been almost filial, as one of the compensations which he could hardly have hoped for had he been less alone in the world. And he has told me, in referring to the great affection he felt for his only son, that he should probably

have been selfish, and grasping, and worldly, had he been permitted to have a large household to provide for. I do not myself believe, nor will you, that any conditions of life would have borne such fruit in his gentle nature; but Mr. Grover had a genuine humility in his estimate of himself. Without the slightest taint of cant, or affectation, he mistrusted his own strength, and he attached a far greater value to the petition "Lead us not into temptation" than younger and more self-confident Christians are apt to put upon it. He has told me, for instance, that all through his life, his most easily besetting sin was the tendency to question and doubt. It was the soul's world-old cry for "more light," but he called it skepticism; and though, with his keen and logical mind, he loved a good discussion, and took more pleasure in argumentative writing than any other form of

literature, nothing would induce him to read a book whose tendency was to unsettle religious faith; and the more clever the writer, and the more logical his work, the more resolutely would Mr. Grover resist all persuasions to open the covers. "No," he would say, "if he is so gifted, probably I could not gainsay his argument and I may not live long enough to see any one else do it, though I know he is wrong. Then why should I disturb my mind with his sophistries?" He was fond of saying, by way of ending all religious discussions, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth."

In the ten years of our acquaintance, I suppose there are few subjects which could interest an intelligent being upon which we have not had conversations, and I have always been impressed with the catholicity of his views, and his tolerance of others' opinions, where he could not reconcile them

with his own. "We live in different worlds," was his kindly way of accounting for the acts of others, when they seemed out of harmony with his own views of Christian decorum. He could never quite understand how a consistent Christian could find pleasure in the theatre, or opera, or how a pure taste could tolerate an undraped statue of the human form.

Whether from long disuse, or from that early Quaker training which must have been so hostile to all forms of art expression, his nature was least developed on the side of art. He was almost as indifferent to the drama in literature as upon the stage. Music, in its higher forms, spoke no message to his soul. In poetry, it was the record of noble deeds, told in simple rhyme, which he loved best. Macaulay's *Lays* had an inexhaustible charm for him; but of all poets, I think Whittier was his favorite;

and there is much, I have often thought, in the lives and characters of the two men, which bears a close analogy. It did not extend to the verse-making gift however, for certain it is that Mr. Grover was not "born under a rhyming planet." He had an amusing sense of his own deficiencies in this direction, and he magnified correspondingly the happy gift in others. Nothing that a school-girl could do, impressed him so profoundly, as the occasional verses, which, by courtesy of school standards, we have called poems. It will be a pleasing thought to two of our present senior class, that the Thanksgiving Hymns, written by them last November, pleased him so highly that he had asked me to give him copies of them.

He once told me, in a merry vein, that in his youth, he desired more than any other gift, the power to write sonnets and odes, as one of his classmates could. He essayed a

valentine at about this period, and achieved two successful stanzas, but tripped on the tenth line, in which he had said of the lady's eyes, "My life is brightened by their lustre." Search as he would, no rhyme for the word lustre could he find in his vocabulary. Only *fluster* and *bluster* came, words quite out of harmony with his sentiment, and as the verse was too good to be sacrificed, the whole undertaking was wrecked, and his wooing of both, the lady and the muse, came to an untimely end.

But if on the side of art, this serene and noble soul was still undeveloped in its earthly life, love of nature had filled all the void, and kept the perfect balance in a character more absolutely poised than any I have ever known. He dearly loved flowers, and little children; and the virginal beauty of a lovely young girl, was to him a source of pure delight. It interested me to see that he



always rated grace of form and movement more highly than mere facial beauty, and when to all these charms were added gentle manners, and an amiable character, their possessor had a lasting claim on his affections.

“If I were fifty years younger,” he would sometimes say, “that girl might disturb my heart very seriously.”

I will not venture to say how many who are present to-day, have been the objects of this hypothetical tenderness.

To the lover of nature, our city offers so barren a field, that even in this direction, Mr. Grover's pleasures were largely reminiscent. The mountains, and green fields, and winding roads of old Massachusetts as he knew them in his youth, and the shifting scenes of the stormy Atlantic coast, were the picture galleries which fed his imagination; and the song - birds of New England's

groves and meadows, were the music that rang in ears which human artists could not charm. No natural feature of Chicago was dear to him, but the great lake which lies at her feet. That afforded him inexhaustible pleasure, and the privilege of seeing it when he woke in the morning, and of watching the first coming of day, over its far eastern boundaries, was an advantage which endeared to him the plain little room he occupied for six years.

He once said to me that if he had been a pagan, he would have worshipped, not fire, but, water, it seemed so much truer a type of Infinity. I have seen him grow excited, when in great storms the waves dashed high, and calm again as the waters calmed, moved as only those are, who think and live near to nature.

But the deeds of his fellow-man had rarely power to excite him. I remember

when, in the first years of our acquaintance, I thought this calmness apathy, and measured by the petty standards of my own crude experience, his character seemed negative. But later when I had seen that quiet surface stirred by righteous wrath at some act of injustice, I learned that the peace of his soul was an achievement, not a passive condition, and as positive as victory after war.

One of your number has asked me what were Mr. Grover's most marked attributes. I should like to answer the question quite seriously. He was a sound reasoner; he had a tenacious and well-trained memory; but it was the judicial faculty which dominated all his other mental traits. His judgments were well-nigh infallible in all matters upon which he had been able to inform himself, and he was far too modest

to hazard an opinion when he was uninformed.

He had, to an unusual degree, the ability to divest himself of all prejudice and reach an unbiased decision, and the world lost an able jurist, I believe, when the young Bachelor of Arts, in 1842, chose the teacher's profession for his life work.

It was this temperate mind, this power to throw aside all personal preferences, all self-interest when his judgment was appealed to, which made him so wise in counsel, so unerring in his estimate of men, and especially of teachers, and which must give to his advice and his precedents the sanction of law, in the future conduct of the school he loved.

Of his moral qualities, I need not remind those who knew him best, that he possessed, in fullest measure, that one which embraces all others, and excels all others, Charity.

It was expressed in all his relations with his fellow-man: his pupils and friends, his servants, his enemies I would add, only he had none. It was the constant exercise of this virtue which so endeared him to all our hearts, and as there come thronging to my mind the many proofs that he loved his neighbor as himself, I check myself, lest my hand brush from those gracious acts the bloom of modesty, with which his own would have hidden them, for he did not do good deeds to be praised of men.

My subject has tempted me beyond my allotted time, but it has been a grateful task to pay this tribute to the good friend, whose influence has been an important factor in the education of so many whom I love. Unlike most lives which are admirable in their public expression, in his there are no surprises, no shocks of painful discovery when we approach nearer. His was a

character, if not without flaws, since it was human, at least without stain, or deformity; and looked at from whatever standpoint we may choose, it was one which reflected serenely the Divine Light, by which, for seventy-nine years, he faithfully lived.

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**MUSIC.**

*Lead Kindly Light.*

(Prof. Grover's favorite hymn.)

**DUET:**

**MRS. J. A. FARWELL AND MRS. J. F. THACKER.**

### CLOSING REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT.

**T**HIS gathering to render tribute to the worth of Prof. Grover, and to do honor to his memory on this anniversary of his birth, has been most gratifying as a proof of the feeling of keen sympathy and friendly accord which so generally exists. As the representative of our association, I desire to tender thanks to those who have so kindly aided on this occasion, and to all for their attention and cordial co-operation.

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### BENEDICTION.

PROF. FRANKLIN W. FISK.

## TRIBUTES AND HISTORY

**OF THE**

# ZUINGLIUS GROVER FUND

**DEvised BY**

**MRS. CHARLES L. HUTCHINSON,**

AND EXECUTED BY HER AND THE FOLLOWING LADIES:

MRS. WALTER L. PECK,  
MRS. WILLIAM H. CUNNINGHAM,

MRS. TAPPEN HALSEY,  
MRS. TURLINGTON W. HARVEY,  
MRS. WALTER HOUGH.





## A TRIBUTE.

REV. ROBERT W. PATTERSON, D. D.

*To the Alumnae Association of Dearborn Seminary:*

I FIRST became acquainted with Professor Zuinglius Grover when he came to Chicago from the East to take charge of Dearborn Seminary as Principal, in response to the request of the Directors or Trustees of that institution as it was then organized. At a later day it ceased to be the property of stockholders and passed under the control of individual owners.

Mr. Grover impressed me at once as a Christian gentleman of extreme modesty and at the same time of reliable character. I thought he promised, as he proved to be, well fitted for the responsible position which

he was to occupy. In the management of the Seminary his methods were marked by quietness and carefulness in the conduct of its affairs, a kindly and gentle exercise of authority, which to a remarkable degree obviated the necessity for positive discipline, discrimination in the selection of teachers who were well adapted for their work, both in point of attainment and temper, and faithfulness and thoroughness in the prosecution of well adjusted courses of instruction in every department of a judiciously balanced curriculum.

I think I have not known any other school of such a character that has been conducted for so many years with as little friction and complaint on the part of pupils and patrons as Dearborn Seminary was under the wise supervision of Professor Grover. He was truly a Christian teacher, one who performed his duties with con-

scientious fidelity in the training of misses and young ladies from families of various religious denominations to the satisfaction of all classes concerned. Was it with his eye on such good servants that the Prophet Daniel said, according to the marginal reading of the Revised Version, "The teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament?"

Mr. Grover was a member, and for many years an elder, in the Second Presbyterian Church while I was its Pastor. In that relation and afterwards I knew him intimately, and only to esteem and love him as a true friend, a safe adviser and a trustworthy helper in every Christian work. Charitable in judgment, cautious in counsel, ready in duty, he was, at all times, a safe and exemplary leader with whom it was a privilege to be associated and to co-operate in official relations as well as to live

in the bonds of brotherly fellowship.  
Surely he was among those just ones whose  
“memory is blessed.” “His name shall  
endure.”

## A LETTER.

MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

*My Dear Mrs. Harvey:*

THE "Annual Business Meeting" of the Dearborn Alumnae Association, to be held at your residence to-morrow, will not pass, I am certain, without very beautiful testimonials of the veneration and esteem in which their late Principal, Mr. Z. Grover, is held by your Alumnae, and I beg to lay my tribute with theirs to one whose character as a Christian gentleman and scholar, may well be remembered by all of us.

During my connection with the Dearborn Seminary, which continued for fifteen years, I had many opportunities for seeing his rare qualities tested to their utmost,

and I have always ranked him with a few educators, among them my own Preceptor in old Deerfield, Mass., Mr. Luther B. Lincoln, whose influence for good upon their pupils was not to be confined to the knowledge they imparted from books; but far more, the powerful stimulus of good example, of sincerity of purpose and uprightness in action, and a God-fearing conscience.

When I heard of Mr. Grover's death, I knew how many faithful hearts would recall his daily, weekly, monthly, yearly example even before his teaching, and this is a precious legacy for any teacher to leave with a succeeding generation.

You have honored Mr. Grover, dear ladies, as, I believe, few teachers in Chicago have been honored, and in so doing have honored yourselves.

I send this to you, my dear Mrs.

Harvey, to be read to the Alumnae to be assembled at your house, asking you to give to each and all a most cordial greeting in memory of the beloved old Seminary and its benign Principal, Mr. Grover, and believe me

Yours faithfully,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ST. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,  
299 Huron Street,  
January 3, 1892.



**PRACTICAL TESTIMONIAL TO MR. GROVER  
OF HIS PUPILS' LOVE AND ESTEEM.**

At the end of the year 1890, Mr. Grover being now in his seventy-ninth year, his tall form but slightly bent, and his genial face still lighted with that courteous interest in each one of his many friends and scholars, might be seen almost any day, walking vigorously down to the city from the school on Twenty-second street. He who had always led so active and busy a life had been compelled by his increasing deafness to give up the teaching which had been such a constant pleasure not only to him, but to those pupils privileged to attend his classes. It was suggested by some of the

alumnae that it might be a comely and delicate recompense for all his generous heart and noble instincts had been to us in former days, if a small income could be arranged and assured Mr. Grover monthly during his life, in order that he might be persuaded to indulge himself in such slight luxuries as in his advancing years almost became necessities, but which he in his entire self-forgetfulness never would think of securing. It was decided that we should not confine ourselves to the alumnae, but should advise with many of the girls, who had never graduated, but had preserved the most tender recollections of Mr. Grover's beautiful example and teachings. We knew that they would deem it a privilege to be allowed to help in any way. A fund must be raised, but the means of doing so successfully were still uncertain. Finally the following scheme seemed to evolve itself like an

inspiration, and was enthusiastically received by all the Dearborn Seminary girls, to whom it was explained: A fund of five thousand dollars was to be raised, of which the income at six per cent. was to be paid Mr. Grover monthly, as long as he lived, and at his death the sums were to be returned to their original donors. The Northern Trust Company was made trustee, and the following committee appointed: Mrs. T. W. Harvey, Mrs. Walter Hough, Mrs. Tappen Halsey, Mrs. William H. Cunningham, Mrs. Walter L. Peck, and Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson. There could be no greater testimony to the affection in which Mr. Grover was held than the swift flow of money which now began to pour into the treasury, and the eagerness with which the small movement was carried forward. In less than two weeks, by the twenty-third of January, not only the entire

amount asked for was raised, but many were asking to be identified with this kindly tribute. The books were kept open until the first of May, when the fund amounted to \$7,688. But Mr. Grover was notified of our intentions February fourth, and the interest was paid him from March 1st to the day of his death.

Perhaps it would be interesting to quote from some of the encouraging letters received by the committee in this connection:

“I have heard indirectly that there is a movement on foot to raise a fund for the benefit of Mr. Grover. I should very much like to contribute my mite toward such an object, and if you will kindly furnish me with some further information on the matter, I shall be greatly indebted.”

“I send you my mite for the ‘Grover Trust Fund,’ rejoicing that it has grown to such a large amount. It is a most beautiful tribute to our loved teacher.”

“You don’t know how delighted I was to learn from the note received yesterday of your great success in raising the fund for Mr. Grover. I congratulate you with all my heart. I enclose my cheque, and am very happy to be able to give it for dear Mr. Grover.”

“Your note was received and read with much pleasure, as the scheme you mention is one that has my entire sympathy. His old age, like the character of the man, is so beautiful, I wish I could be one of those to contribute a cheque of \$200, or even \$100, but my purse is not as deep as my sympathy. Therefore, let me be one to offer \$10 as my willing mite, and as an inspiration to those who are not rich in this world’s goods, but are warm in their affections and memories. My own experience at Dearborn Seminary began at the original down-town school not less than twenty-five years ago, so that, while I am not a graduate of the institution, I am certainly one of its long-attached members, and have an

ancient claim to be remembered among Mr. Grover's girls."

"I take pleasure in enclosing my check as a contribution to Mr. Grover's fund, and desire to congratulate you upon the marvelous success of your enterprise."

"Please find enclosed, \$—, which I hope it is not too late to add to the fund you are so kindly interesting yourself to raise for Mr. Grover. The sum is small, but if the good wishes that go with it could form the basis of a monetary interest, his income would be a large one."

"Enclosed please find my mite toward the Grover Fund. I wish it were five times as much."

"I assure you that no one of Mr. Grover's pupils remembers him with more respect and admiration or retains a deeper sense of gratitude for his cheerful help and encouragement than myself, one of the class of 1860."

“How delightful that you have been so successful in getting, up an annuity for Mr. Grover, a thousand more than you expected. It gives me great pleasure to send the enclosed check, as my share towards the fund.”

“I am very glad to hear of such a movement in behalf of our honored Mr. Grover. I am proud of the Dearborn Seminary girls, proud to belong to such a company. It is in my heart to respond with a generous sum, but I cannot have that privilege. However I am not too proud to send a small mite for it is a pleasure to have even this trifling part in so noble a work.”

“I am pleased to be included in the privileged number of Mr. Grover’s old friends and subscribe twenty-five dollars to the amount already raised. I feel that I cannot do more, though I heartily approve the plan and the affection that called it into existence.”

LETTER SENT BY MRS. TURLINGTON W.  
HARVEY FOR THE COMMITTEE.

The following letter, with the business statement, was sent to Mr. Grover, February fourth, 1891, and that he was deeply touched was evident, not only by his most affecting answer but by his happy smiles and his increased interest in life.

*Dear Mr. Grover:*

It has been for some time in the hearts of many of your former pupils to express their affection for you in some form that should continually minister to you and give them a present claim upon your regard.

Although the old association retains its beneficent influence they are not content with a past relation. Their gratitude has urged them to ask to be allowed to be more to you than a memory; and to request per-



mission to come daily before your thought as in the happy time that is gone.

To accomplish this desire acceptably, however, has seemed a great difficulty, but at last Mrs. Hutchinson has devised a plan that has met with universal approval and been successful beyond our most sanguine expectations. Like the treasure brought to King David of old for the building of the Lord's House, the girls have poured in their offerings upon us and all have "rejoiced for that they offered willingly."

It has been the pleasant duty of Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Walter Peck, Mrs. Halsey, Mrs. Hough, Mrs. Cunningham and myself to present Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson's plan, and we have found that its reception has been even a greater tribute to you, than the result it represents. You will please find enclosed a complete business statement and we hope soon to be able to send you a full list of the names of the ladies that have participated. Will you help us, dear Mr. Grover, to achieve our

long cherished purpose by choosing for us such little personal indulgences for yourself as will give you most enjoyment or best contribute to your comfort? It was our wish that we might be prepared to send you this letter on your last birthday, bearing our message of loving congratulation and hope for many years of health and happiness, but we have been delayed by the eagerness of many old pupils to take part, whose names did not at first come to our knowledge.

Trusting you will accept our testimonial in the spirit of privilege in which it is offered, allow us to subscribe ourselves your children in affection and also in the life influence we gratefully acknowledge you have been to us.

For the Committee,

BELLE S. BADGER HARVEY.

## BANK STATEMENT.

ENCLOSED IN THE LETTER OF THE COMMITTEE.

A number of your old scholars have deposited with the Northern Trust Co. a certain sum of money already amounting to over six thousand dollars, the principal is to be returned to the donors but the income from the same is to be paid to you during your life. As soon as the list of subscribers is complete we will send it to you. There will be at least \$25.00 a month at your disposal. On and after March first next the Northern Trust Co. will honor your check monthly for that amount.

February 4, 1891.

MR. GROVER'S RESPONSE.

*My Dear Mrs. Harvey:*

I beg you not to attribute my delay to answer your message to any indifference.

The fact is that for a few days my mind was burdened with a matter that absorbed all my thought, and I was absent from home for a night and a day.

I find it difficult to command fitting words to express my sentiments toward you and your associates in this new benevolent work in my behalf. You do not know how much you contributed to my happiness when you were pupils in the school. Your conduct was like a beam of sunshine upon my pathway, and again and again since you left school you have done and said that which has effectually cheered and comforted me on my way, and now comes this crowning

act of a wise, delicate and efficient generosity.

As long as life might last I should have remembered you for what you are and have been to me, but now this noble testimonial will, each month of my future mortal life, bring to my mind tender and pleasant recollections of each and all of you.

It seems time to say that, from the bottom of my heart I am grateful to you, but this is all that I can offer. I thank you, I thank you, and may the good God abundantly bless you and yours.

Most cordially and affectionately ever  
your friend,

ZUINGLIUS GROVER.

2141 CALUMET AVENUE,  
CHICAGO, Feb. 9, 1891.







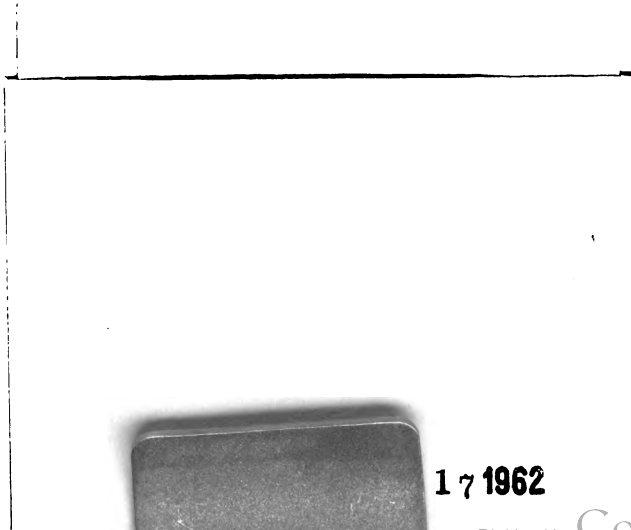








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